

INTER NOS

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Editorial

As our June number marks the middle of the fifth year of the existence of "Inter Nos," we wish to thank our subscribers whose interest has given stability to the publication of our college Quarterly. Should any of these feel an urge to send in an article for the next issue and have the satisfaction of "seeing themselves in print," we hope that they will follow the inspiration.

Copy is especially welcome for the September number, as the resident student body is vacationing from Creative Writing, at that period.

Due to the Commencement date (May 31), this year, an early distribution of the Quarterly will be necessary, in order to avoid the task of mailing to a dispersed student body.

During the month of the Sacred Heart, let us unite in fervent persevering prayer for the urgent needs of the entire world. Out of the chaos that appears to our feeble vision, the Sacred Heart can instantly bring order; from the dark and threatening tempest, He can create a great calm. Let us entreat Him to speak the words of command, "Let there be light" and "Peace be still." Our hope and prayer should be "Thy Kingdom Come!" for in His Kingdom there is everlasting peace.

"O sweetest Heart of Jesus we implore, that we may ever love Thee more and more."

A Beatification and Our Holy Father

By Patricia Harman

Sunday morning, November 4th, 1951, dawned bright and clear—a truly fitting morning for the Beatification of one chosen by God, who on this occasion was Venerable Therese Couderc, Foundress of the Religious of Our Lady of the Retreat in the Cenacle. It was for this that we had come to Rome—to witness the Solemn Proclamation of Mother Therese as “Blessed.” It was nine o’clock when our big bus drove up the Via Conciliazone to Saint Peter’s. Brightly dressed Carabinieri, in red and black uniforms and plumed hats, and Vatican Police stood in front of the immense Basilica. Once inside we were quickly directed to our seats, which were located in the Tribunes on either side of the magnificent High Altar of Saint Peter’s Chair. This altar is situated at the topmost section of the cross (St. Peter’s is built in the form of a cross) and is directly behind the Pope’s famous Round Altar. It is at this altar that the newly elected Popes are crowned, and it is there that the Venerations, Beatifications, and Canonizations of the saints take place. The altar itself is made of beautiful marble, and is situated in the middle of a stone foundation from which Bernini’s stupendous structure of bronze emerges, enclosing the oak chair from which Saint Peter preached. The encased chair is borne upward by exquisite bronze figures of the Four Great Doctors of the Church—Augustine, Ambrose, Chrysostom, and Athanasius. Above the high back of the Chair are two cherubs holding the Tiara and the Keys. Directly above this is a large circular frame of bronze decorated with Cherubs and roses, with bronze rays shooting upward from the top of the frame. Ordinarily this forms a breathtaking frame for a hexagonal window upon which a figure of the Holy Ghost is cut, but during Beatification ceremonies the portrait of the Beata covers the window.

At about nine-thirty the cardinals and the bishops began to arrive, forming a steady stream of scarlet within the red carpeted sanctuary. There were six cardinals, twenty-four bishops, eighteen Monsignori, and eighteen canons, who formed the only contrast in their grey and white. At ten o’clock the Basilica was suddenly flooded with light as the three hundred-sixty or more chandeliers were switched on simultaneously. The ceremonies commenced. After asking the permission of the presiding Cardinal, a monsignor approached a pulpit for the reading of the Decree of Beatification. This was a very lengthy document concerning the life of Venerable Therese, and was read in Latin. When he finished, the curtain before the “Gloria” was suddenly drawn, the chandeliers encircling the magnificent bronze frame flashed on, and the great Vatican Choir burst into a superb “Te Deum.” The portrait of Blessed Therese was surrounded in glory. All this happened in an instant, and the gasp from the multi-

tude at that moment's splendour filled Saint Peter's. An Archbishop, vested in gold, moved towards the altar and the Mass was begun. The cardinals and bishops recited the Mass Prayers together, and at the Consecration, six altar boys holding candles almost as tall as themselves came in procession and knelt in the center of the sanctuary. All too soon the Mass was ended. The cardinals, bishops, monsignori, and canons again filed out in Solemn Procession while the organ boomed forth a triumphant recessional.

The Solemn Benediction closing the Beatification ceremonies was scheduled for five o'clock that afternoon, but we arrived at Saint Peter's at three to ensure getting a good seat. We managed to sit in the middle towards the front of the Basilica very near to the center aisle. The famous statue of Saint Peter, which, by the way, was all dressed up for the occasion in rose cape and golden crown, was to our right. At about four o'clock some of the Swiss Guards dressed in their ancient uniforms of orange and blue and plumed helmets, marched up the center aisle and proceeded to go through a great deal of colorful ceremony, part of which consisted in a changing of the Guard. At four-thirty the Invisible Head of the Church was carried up the same aisle. As the tinkling bells announced His arrival, the faithful fell to their knees. Soon after the Carabinieri in their black and red formed an honor guard on either side of the aisle. Then began the procession of dignitaries—first a group of Knights of Malta dressed in red coats, white trousers, and white capes; then Canons of Saint Peter in grey and white, soon followed by a seemingly endless purple line of bishops. At ten minutes to five a cry, "Viva il Papa" knocked the multitude to their feet, silver trumpets heralded our Holy Father's entry, hundreds of chandeliers burst into light; a slow, majestic march accompanied the magnificent procession of cardinals, bishops, Swiss Guards, and two dozen noble guards in full dress. Nine cardinals, preceded by a cross bearer, formed the cortege surrounding our Holy Father; a dozen young men in beautiful dress bore up the Sedia Gestatoria. Everyone pressed forward, eager to be close to our Holy Father. The Basilica was filled with resounding shouts of greeting. People were standing on benches (myself included) straining to get a glimpse of him. The aisle was so long—it seemed that he would never come. Before I knew it, Our Holy Father was passing me. His face was exquisite—serious but tender and loving; his eyes were radiant with an inner light which made them unlike other human eyes; his slender and delicate hands were raised in constant blessing as he turned gracefully from side to side. Every once in a while he would raise his arms upward as if he were offering up all the prayers and intentions of the faithful to God. His whole aspect was one of intense love. He looked out over that vast multitude as if each one meant all to him. To see him is to love him. There is no camera that can capture the beauty of our Holy Father—his is an inner beauty which permeates his whole being, his every movement—no piece of film, no canvas can ever reproduce even a

particle of it. Gradually he passed out of sight and my only wish was to see him again.

Once before the Altar of Saint Peter's Chair, our Holy Father arose, tall and erect, from the Sedia Gestatoria and approached the faldstool where he knelt in adoration. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed; our Holy Father incensed it and sang the hymn to the Beata. The Vatican Choir pealed forth a glorious "O Salutaris," followed by the hymn "Jesu Corona Virginum," the "Oremus" of the Beata, and a beautiful "Tantum Ergo." The Bishop of Viviers, who is related to Blessed Therese, gave the Eucharistic Benediction. After the "Te Deum" a reliquary and a bouquet of white roses and carnations were presented to our Holy Father. He smiled and spoke delightedly to those who presented the gifts. After a fervent prayer Our Holy Father seated himself in the Sedia Gestatoria and the cortege again was formed. The Guards stood at attention, the trumpets sounded, the recessional boomed forth; our Holy Father again was borne down the great long aisle. A Swiss Guard marched in front of the procession, smiling and holding the bouquet of white flowers high for everyone to see. The multitude leaped again to their feet with renewed cries of "Viva il Papa!" Soon the blessing figure of our Holy Father was again before me, passing so close that I could have touched him. He turned and looked into my eyes with an interested, understanding look, as I waved to him. As I gazed into those beautiful eyes I felt the veil which covered the years drop away before his gentle glance. Christ Himself looked through those radiant eyes. I wished that time would stand still—that that moment would never cease to be. But all too soon he passed out of sight down the long aisle. Suddenly a shout was heard—all strained to see what was happening. At the end of the aisle before the main entrance, our Holy Father had the Sedia turned around, and standing up he extended his arms in a wide embrace and then folded his hands to his breast. As he was carried to the Chapel of the Pieta, he raised his hand once again in a last blessing. But, outside the Basilica the crowd continued its shouting, and our Holy Father in response opened a window of his private apartments, and stood there—a tall, erect figure, white against the night—and raising his hand, he gave a final blessing to his noisy and devoted children.

POINSETTIA

By Mary Joe Rennison

*In fading golden lacework of the sycamore
From southern warmth spring new, green leaves
Hesitant, afraid, they lean to sodden earth,
Begging to emit the triumph of their seed.
Tips tinged with scarlet, they fold back, hold back,
Until at last, Nativity—the Bloom.*

Scenes from the Life of the Blessed Virgin

THE VISITATION

By Sister M. Dolorosa

The sun gilds the eastern horizon with a blaze of glory. Gabriel, the messenger from God is no longer visible to Mary's sight, yet the presence of angels fills the room. Quietly, lest he disturb her slumber, Joseph stirs. Mary hears, yet does not hasten to him to convey her wondrous news, to tell him of the angel's visit to send him forth to inform the neighbors of the honour which has come to their despised village. She does none of these things. She remains the Handmaid of the Lord, waiting His bidding for the accomplishment of His holy will. Her secret is her own and God's, yet its keeping would have cost most mortals a heroic sacrifice.

Joseph's consent, however, is necessary for her visit to Elizabeth, who in advanced age is to become a mother. Scripture does not tell us how Mary informed her husband of her knowledge of this event, nor whether Gabriel whispered to him as he slept. But he may have accompanied her, as "Mary rising up in those days went into the hill country into a city of Juda."

Her kinswoman, meeting her at the threshold of her home, is the first to declare the wonder wrought in Mary. Perhaps Zachary and Joseph go aside as Mary enters, for Joseph does not hear Elizabeth's greeting, "Whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?"

From the low swinging bough of a locust tree, whose blooms perfume the air with honeyed breath, a linnet bursts into a song of praise which blends with Mary's paeon of humility, the outlet for the fire of Divine Love.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord." "He that is mighty hath done great things to me and holy is His name."

"Whence is this to me?" Christ has revealed Himself to Elizabeth, another faithful worshipper. He has sanctified her unborn son, and to Mary He has shown the graces she will spread throughout the world, so that all generations shall call her Blessed.

Heaven had crossed the threshold of Zachary's home as Mary chanted her Magnificat, and there she remained for three months. Though her heart was bursting with joy and reverent love for her own Divine Son, Mary's charity had room for sharing her cousin's exaltation.

The days were crowded with many and varied duties, for Mary kept the house in spotless order carefully preparing the meals that Zachary might feel no inconvenience, and that Elizabeth's mind

might be at rest, unharrassed by household cares. We can picture the cousins, the older woman and the young girl sitting together in early June in the well kept garden, soft grass cushioning their feet; fig trees and pomegranites offering welcome shade. The fragrance of flowers, sweet brier, and cinnamon, roses, honey suckle, and lilies clustered about these holy ones.

Together they sewed on little garments for the babe who should be called John, while Elizabeth retold the message of Gabriel to Zachary, and how her husband's natural incredulity had been punished by the silencing of his tongue. At times God's gifts to men are beyond understanding, and so they had been to Zachary. Now, Mary consoled him and Elizabeth by her absolute trust that God would, in His own good time, restore his speech or would draw him to greater virtue through resignation and suffering.

To Elizabeth to whom Heaven had revealed the Divine Maternity, Mary may have told the full story of Gabriel's announcing. Thus in work and prayer they waited for the coming of the child who would call himself, "The voice of one calling in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord.'"

THE SANDS OF TIME

By Mary Virginia Doyle

*The glass is turned
The grains slip past
The hour is gone
Time steals by—too fast, too fast*

*Laughter and tears
Joy, hope, fears
Oh God, let each illusive span
Find me fulfilling Thy Plan*

Our European Trip

MY DIARY

By Mrs. K. C. Clem—An Alumna

July 7th

Boarded our United Airline DC6 at Inglewood at 8 a.m.; the weather was foggy and a bit cool. After getting up so early and rushing around so fast, I had lost all the excitement and enthusiasm of the previous weeks. However as our beautiful big plane soared up over the clouds and we sped through space in the brilliant sunshine, my enthusiasm returned and I realized that our big adventure had begun. Had a lovely flight, just a few rough spots as we neared the "Windy City" where we stopped for a half-hour. The heat in Chicago was stifling. There was a feeling of excitement at the airport (the Republican Convention was about to begin). We wondered about all the TV cameras and newsmen, and learned that General Douglas McArthur's plane was about to land. His plane landed just as we were about to take off for New York and we had a ring-side seat from the window of our plane. He is a very handsome man and remarkably young looking.

Arrived in New York at 9 p.m.—the millions of lights below us and the red after-glow of the sunset in the clouds, was a beautiful and thrilling sight as we came in to La Guardia field. The weather was not too bad—quite sticky—but not nearly as hot as Chicago. The cab ride from the airport to our hotel was something we will never forget—our cabby was the craziest, fastest, and most reckless driver I ever, never hope to ride with again. The cyclone racer at the Long Beach pike was sissy stuff compared to our ride with him. Carol had all her fingernails chewed down to the nubbins and was starting on her toes when we reached our hotel. In fact Carol has very little love for New York. She announced very solemnly this morning, that the people here are rude, crude and shrewd. This New York is quite a place, the people never seem to go to bed. At 2 a.m. the streets are still crowded with folks out for a stroll. We are staying at the Taft Hotel, not bad, but no air-conditioning and our rooms are too close to the street. We retired at 12:15 but didn't sleep too well, too much noise and too hot.

July 8

After very little sleep we awoke to find it raining but still very hot and sticky. We spent the morning with our friends on the Olympic team—Pat McCormick and Paul Jean Meyers (the divers) and Jan York and Maxine Mitchell (my old fencing pals). They had just received their team uniforms and lovely red shoulder bags with the Olympic emblem. They were all excited and thrilled, also a little bit scared. We had lunch with them in the Paramount Hotel dining room that is especially reserved for the U. S. team. In the afternoon we went to the top of the Empire State Bldg., took a stroll through

Macy's Dept. store, had cold watermelon in an Automat, and after dinner went to Radio City Music Hall to see "Where's Charlie." Had hoped to catch a Major League base ball game but as there were no games scheduled we made plans through K.C.'s to catch one on our return trip. We are all so excited about boarding the Queen Mary tomorrow that we hate to go to bed. However I think we are all tired enough to sleep in spite of the heat and noise.

July 9

I shall call this installment "Life aboard the Queen Mary" and what a life it is!!

It was raining when we left New York and continued until we were well out of the harbor. Boarding the Queen Mary was very exciting. There was a great deal of confusion on the docks: taxis honking, porters shouting, visitors and passengers hurrying to get in out of the rain. We came on board at 9:30 a.m. and were taken immediately to our staterooms, which are more beautiful, roomy and luxurious than we had ever imagined. We unpacked and hurried up to the topdeck for the casting-off. We stood under a large life boat to keep dry and although we had no one on the dock to see us off—we waved and shouted good-bye just as vigorously as any one else and no one was the wiser.

We felt quite important when the stewardess brought in two huge boxes of flowers and several telegrams from our very dear and thoughtful friends. We spent the rest of the first day exploring the ship. We did find time to play a little ping-pong, have tea at 4 o'clock, cocktails at 7:30, dinner at 8:30, the movies at 9:30, a few dances in the magnificent ballroom, another bite to eat, and off to bed for a wonderful night's sleep.

July 10

This trip is becoming increasingly more enjoyable. The sea has been quite calm except for a bit of roughness early this morning. We are all good sailors, unless we look out at the ocean we are apt to forget we are aboard a ship. The boat is so large and there is so much to do. The food and the service are perfect. The Head-Waiter has promised to make "Crepe-Suzettes" for Barbara and Carol this evening. Our waiters are exceptionally fine; one is a young Scotchman with a real burr in his speech, the other an English boy. They are always tempting poor Carol with an assortment of beautiful and calorie-producing deserts. We took a swim in the pool this morning, it was quite an experience, much like swimming in the ocean; the water would slosh from side to side with the movement of the boat. There is fencing equipment in the very well equipped gymnasium, so we had a nice workout. There is an English actor-musician aboard—who is returning to England after playing a role in the recently released Robin Hood. He is very nice but not much of a fencer—typical movie-fencing—but we had a lot of fun. The Gym

has all kinds of pummeling and vibrating devices, so we should be in great shape for our grand tour.

We had tea in our staterooms today—this 4 o'clock tea is a delightful custom, one that I think I shall continue when I get home. Of course it might not be quite so relaxing if I had to prepare it and serve it and do up the dishes. This was our first night to dress for dinner and the children were delighted with all the beautiful gowns. After dinner we went to the movies, saw Esther Williams in "Skirts Ahoy" quite entertaining. After another spot of tea and turkey sandwiches, we went to bed. It was only 1 p.m. a little early, but we were somewhat tired after all our swimming and fencing. I know you must be surprised at my ability to stay up so late, but we have been gaining quite a few hours in the past few days and I'm very confused, feel like I'm writing tomorrow instead of today.

July 11

We attended 7:30 Mass this morning in one of the lovely parlors that can be converted into a chapel—there will be daily Mass from now on. Life is following pretty much the same pattern—eating, sleeping, swimming, fencing, ping-pong and the movies, (pardon me) the cinema. We have met many interesting people from all parts of the world. This evening we had a nice chat with a darling young couple from Holland. We had frogs-legs for dinner topped off with Crepe Suzettes. The children were delighted with the ceremony connected with the making of the desert to say nothing of the dessert itself—they decided that we should have them at home. Ah me, life will not be so simple for me when we get back! We learned that Eisenhower received the Republican Nomination and had quite a bit of fun talking politics with an Irishman and two Southerners. This sea air does things to our appetites, after such a big dinner, we still had to have turkey sandwiches before going to bed.

July 12

We slept until 10:30 this morning and had breakfast in bed. The weather turned a bit chilly and all the ships personnel changed from their white uniforms to blue ones. We took a swim before lunch then went up on promenade deck to watch the finals of the Ping-Pong Tournament. I was lamenting the fact that I hadn't entered the tournament until I saw the finalists play—they were terrific. I won a dollar from K. C. on the outcome of the matches. We had a very nice evening, spent it with the Dutch couple Mr. and Mrs. Vinke. We danced in the main ball-room until 1 p.m. Then went into the Veranda Grill for more dancing, community singing and of course—turkey sandwiches. It was 3:30 a.m. when we fell into bed—exhausted.

July 13

Our last day aboard. We went to 8 o'clock Mass, then to breakfast, then back to bed and slept until noon. We spent most of the after-

noon packing as our bags will be picked up at 8 p.m. We should reach Cherbourg at 9:30 a.m. tomorrow. The sea is a bit rougher today, there are some ground-swells; we are not too far from land. It just doesn't seem possible that these days aboard ship could pass so quickly. This being our last night aboard we are not dressing for dinner, but the dinner is extra special, (the Captain's dinner). We seem to be in a rut—always Filet Mignon. The youngsters are tearing around like mad, getting their menus autographed—they seem to know everyone on board, from the boot-black to the Captain. They have made many friends, there is a great deal of exchanging of addresses and many promises to write. I wonder how many letters will be written? We decided to turn in early so after the cinema we went to bed. We were all very sleepy but Carol and I couldn't get to sleep and were still awake at 4:30 a.m. We were probably too excited, we could see lights in the distance, the sea was calm and the weather became quite warm. We stuck our heads out of the portholes, looked at the star-studded sky and the lights on shore getting closer and closer.

Paris France. July 15, 1952

We pulled into the outer harbor at Cherbourg, France, at 9 a.m. There was a great deal of excitement aboard, many of the passengers were going on to Southampton, so we said Good Bye to our new friends and wished each other Bon Voyage. We were taken to shore in a tender. It is Bastille Day and many gaily decorated boats came out to escort us in. We were lucky to arrive on a big National Holiday; everyone was in a gay mood, lots of flags and decorations and not a bit uncommon to see groups of happy Frenchmen singing at the top of their lungs. We had quite an experience when we landed. We could not find our guide and no one seemed to know what train we should take. One fellow would take us to one coach and another would chase us off—we ran from one end of the Station to the other, getting just as excited as the porters and conductors (believe me that's pretty excited). I finally spotted our luggage, we followed it and located our Tour Director. She is a tiny woman, Mrs. Vandor by name, she seems very nice and gracious and I feel sure we will enjoy being with her. We met some of the members of our group all dentists and their wives. Two couples are practically neighbors of ours in L.A. and one of the Doctors was a classmate of K.C.'s at U.S.C.

The train ride from Cherbourg to Paris was most interesting, first the trains are quite different from ours, they are very noisy and dirty, and we feel quite cramped in the compartments. We had a splendid lunch our first French food and were delighted with everything we tasted, especially the vegetables, even Carol liked them. In fact K.C. and I hardly believe our eyes when both of them ate and relished "Cooked Carrots."

The countryside enroute to Paris is the most beautiful I have

ever seen—everything is so green and there are so many little rivers and streams. The landscape is dotted with quaint houses, each having its own vegetable garden, a cow, some ducks, geese and chickens. The war damage was very apparent in Cherbourg and in the towns along the way, however there has already been a great deal of restoration. Our first stop was Caen and then Lisieux, the home of St. Therese. There is a magnificent Shrine on the hilltop overlooking the station. We stopped only long enough to take a picture, say a quiet prayer, and remind the Little Flower that she hasn't been doing too much about a certain "special intention."

We arrived in Paris at 6:30 p.m. and I was so excited that I had butterflies in my stomach. We were whisked from the station to a bus and taken immediately to our hotel. (Hotel de Paris). Again our accommodations are better than we expected, our rooms, high up overlook a side-walk Cafe and we have a magnificent view of the city. Paris is a truly beautiful city, all that artists and poets have said about her is true. Everything seems familiar as though we had been here before. The people are charming and friendly, the service is good and almost everyone speaks English. K.C. won't let me try my stumbling French. It's just as well—my two years of college French and my subsequent correspondence course are not adequate preparation. However I find that I can read the menus and understand quite a bit. We had dinner in the hotel dining room and then tucked two very tired little girls into bed. K.C. and I were much too excited to think of sleep so we started out for a stroll. Almost every man, woman and child in Paris was doing the same thing; it was a lovely evening, cool enough to need a wrap and still light at 10 o'clock. We saw many horse-drawn cabs, so we hired one and asked the driver to take us around the city. The cabby with his derby hat and great-coat was most kind. He spread a laprobe over our knees and every once in a while would stop his horse, stand up and in eloquent French, accompanied by grand gestures, proudly point out the historical buildings, monuments and spots of interest. There were fireworks on the Seine, nothing too spectacular, but the French children, would squeal with delight at each Roman Candle.

July 15

Today we took a guided tour of Paris. Our guide, Mademoiselle Morgan, a short, fat little French woman, is perfectly wonderful. She loves Paris and has a fine educational background—listening to her is like taking a concentrated course in French history. She was very annoyed with one of the men in our group who kept asking about Pigale and the Follies, and she said Americans seemed interested only in the "bad part of Paris" instead of the real Paris of History and Art. We rode down the Champs-Elysees to the Arc de Triomphe with its tomb of the unknown soldier. Many of the Parisians pay a visit to the Tomb and a special ceremony is held here on Bastille Day. We saw a Sister of Charity with a group of little orphans. I was horrified at the patched and faded habit she was wearing and

the fact that she was bare-legged and her shoes were old rundown gummed-soled sandals. Our guide told us that the Sisters and Priests in France were very badly off and the people of France seemed very unconcerned about it.

We visited the Palais Des Invalides with its beautiful chapel and Napoleon's Tomb, Cardinal Richelieu's Palace, the Tuileries Gardens, The Pantheon or the Church of St. Genevieve (Patron Saint of Paris), St. Stephen's (where we saw the beautiful stained glass window depicting the Mystic Press) and we drove slowly by the Sorbonne and across the Seine to impressive Notre Dame Cathedral. Notre Dame the Mother of the Gothic churches, is all that we expected especially the three round, stained glass windows, depicting scenes from the Old Testament, and the story of the Virgin, and the New Testament. We were all impressed with the Cardinals hats hanging on their silken cords in the Sanctuary. Legend has it that when the cords break the Cardinal's soul is released from Purgatory. The last one took 200 years.

We went to the Montmartre Hill and visited the Basilique Du Sacre-Coeur, and right behind it almost hidden by the imposing splendor is the Church of Saint Pierre, one of the oldest and smallest in Paris. From the Montmartre we had a fine panoramic view of the city. On and on we went, I couldn't begin to write about all the wonderful things we saw—tears came to my eyes when we stood outside the Louvre. It is an emotional experience to feel history come to life—each place we visited brought back memories of things I had studied about and yet seemed meaningless until now.

Just three blocks from our hotel is the church of the Madeleine, which is my favorite—it is not as grand as some and looks like an ancient Greek Temple with its pediment and Corinthian columns. But in the midst of the splendor of the Gothic Churches, its classic simplicity seems to inspire devotion. I took copious notes, bought pictures and literature and hope to go over this day again when my head stops spinning.

After our long tour we came back to the Hotel and freshened up for dinner—had another grand meal. I don't think it is possible to get a bad meal in France. After dinner we sat at a side-walk Cafe, had liquer and coffee (the children gorged themselves on French pastries) watched the pedestrian traffic, chatted with the waiter and then took a horse-drawn carriage back to the hotel. Took a peek at the city from our balcony and were surprised to find that there are very few lights, except for the main streets, and the Cafes, the city seemed strangely dark; made a mental note to ask about this tomorrow and turned in for a much needed rest.

July 16

After 11 hours of refreshing sleep we awakened to a beautiful sunny and balmy day; fortunately so because we were scheduled

to go out to Versailles. The ride from Paris to Versailles is a very lovely one, about 12 miles. It is impossible to describe the Majestic Palace of Versailles with its richly decorated interior, the wonderful hall of mirrors and the famous Hall of Battles. The formal gardens fountains and parks are breathtaking in their scope and beauty. We took pictures of the Trianon, the Petite Trianon, the Temple of Love and the Hamlet; also bought books with color pictures, everything is so unbelievably beautiful. It is amazing how long forgotten dates and pages of dimly remembered history books spring to life when you visit these places; the confusing succession of kings, queens and emperors become suddenly very clear. The children were very impressed with the sad fate of Marie Antoinette and her children and asked a million questions.

I think we must have walked for miles but thank heavens I had presence of mind enough to wear my saddle oxfords, many of the women wore high-heeled shoes and had to give up before we went out to the Hamlet.

We had dinner at a little Bistro on a side street, one of our best meals and very inexpensive. We met an interesting little man from S. America who has lived all over the world but is now connected with the Embassy in France. He was very unhappy over the spiritual and moral lethargy of the French people since the war. He seems to be right—Paris puts on quite a show for the visitors, but you can sense a deadly apathy, a shrug-of-the-shoulder attitude, an unhealthy fatalism.

We sauntered slowly back to our hotel after dinner, tucked in the girls and had our coffee and Cointreau at the side-walk Cafe. The Coffee is strong and rather bitter, but I am fond of it. The Cointreau is delightful—in fact the French wines are a revelation. I made the mistake of ordering hot tea for luncheon; the waiter rolled his horrified eyes skyward and with tears in his voice said, "Oh, no, Madam, not zee ot thee! In Paris Madam must have zee wine!" Wine it had to be and very nice too, pale pink in color and very light.

July 17

Again we slept late. This is our free day in Paris and we decided to spend the morning at the Louvre. No wonder it is considered one of the finest museums in the world—one could spend every day there for the next ten years and yet not see it all. We did not hire a guide as we knew we didn't have much time and there were a few things that we settled on such as Mona Lisa, El Greco's Crucifixion, some paintings by Van Dyke, Titian, Watteau, Vermeer and Rembrandt. The Winged Victory stands in the main Hall and we not only looked at but patted the foot of the Venus di Milo. The exhibits of the Royal Jewels, the evolution of the chair and the tapestries were marvelous. We walked until we were exhausted and then left with regrets (the spirit was willing but the flesh was weak). After

luncheon at a little Brasserie, consisting of a ham sandwich (good sized French loaf stuffed with ham) hardboiled eggs and wine (Mais oui) we took a siesta.

Then with three fourths of the Clem family refusing to take another step I took off on my own for a shopping tour. What a time I had. I browsed in book stores, haggled with shop keepers, got lost several times. I think that every gendarme in Paris knows me by sight. (me and my phrase book)—I finally discovered that by going to a book stall and opening a map of the city I could locate myself. I contacted Salle Gardere—had hoped to take a fencing lesson while here, but was told that no one in Europe fences in the summer months, and that Professor Gardere was in Helsinki with the French Olympic team. Also tried to buy some fencing gloves and jackets but again no luck.

When I finally crawled back to the Hotel I was pretty limp, but after a shower and brief rest was ready for another adventure.

We had dinner at La Cremalliere (the French claim that this is the best eating place in Paris) unquestionably this was the best meal I had ever eaten; the peasoup was a taste thrill I shall never forget. We sat outside and ate leisurely, savoring every morsel; our waiter was a charming fellow and he was always bringing little extras to make our meal more enjoyable. We went right back to the Hotel after dinner. We leave Paris tomorrow noon so I must get our things packed and organized.

Cheerio from London. July 19, 1952

I am beginning to feel rather noble as I sit down to write these reports of our activities. Out of the 33 persons in our group, I seem to be the only one who has written more than a few post-cards. It's easy to understand why; after a day like today, when we were hustled by bus from our hotel in Paris to the railroad station, from there by "Golden Arrow" express to Calais; by boat across the English Channel to Dover, again by train to London, a tiresome wait as we cleared the English Customs, and another bus to our hotel—I feel as limp as a piece of pop-corn that has been left in the bottom of a sack for several days. It's a good thing that I take notes along the way or I wouldn't be able to remember a thing.

It was raining when we left Paris, and we felt sure that Paris was crying because we were leaving. We took a "Golden Arrow" a very fine train to Calais. Again we were delighted with the lovely French country side. At Calais amid the usual excited confusion of all French Stations we boarded the S. S. Invicta. This ship is about the size of one of our Catalina boats and was in the Royal Naval Auxiliary during the war; she took part in the Dieppe and Normandy invasions. The children were very happy to hear a familiar language spoken and chatted at great length with the English sailors. We had a nice crossing, a bit windy and foggy but very smooth.

We were all very excited as we spotted "The White Cliffs of Dover." We landed at Dover Marine Station and lined up (excuse me its "cue-up" over here) for Customs inspection. We had a tiresome wait for our turn, but when they saw that there were 33 in our group and over 66 pieces of luggage, they just asked a few questions and let us go. We had supposed that we would be taking the "Golden Arrow" into London but instead we rode on a miserable old train that joggled us to pieces. We were no sooner seated than they brought us our tea with lots of bread and butter and cookies; it tasted mighty good. I learned a little secret about making good tea and I'll pass it along, when I get home. The English countryside is very pretty but can't compare with France, at least not in this particular section. We arrived in Victoria Station about 8 p.m. and were taken by bus to our hotel. The Mayfair Hotel is very nice and our rooms are lovely, the service is superb; we feel like visiting royalty. We had a late dinner in the Grill (Filet of Sole)—not too bad. I have never seen such a show of importance about serving even the simplest meal—the waiters in tails and the Menus in French. Some of the fellows in our group were pretty unhappy about this, after having to have the menus deciphered for them aboard the Queen Mary and in France, they were looking forward to reading an English menu. My spoken French is pretty terrible but a menu I read fluently (through the law of self preservation and a healthy appetite). We were all looking forward to a late sleep but our Courier told us that the bus would pick us up at 9 a.m. for a tour of London. So we hurried to bed and had no trouble falling asleep even though it was still light at 10 p.m.

July 19

Had breakfast in our rooms. All we have is the continental breakfast of French rolls and coffee, or what the English call coffee, (Ugh!). The rolls in Paris were wonderful, but here we get a grey, soggy, and pitiful imitation. We boarded our bus on schedule and met our guide, a Mr. Burton, who was quite a character. He is a member of the English Socialist Party, dislikes Winston Churchill intensely and is violently anti-American. He seemed to delight in annoying us by casting slurring remarks about the United States. I think he met his match in us, especially when he tried to point out the merits of Socialized Dentistry and Medicine to a group of American Doctors and Dentists. We declared a truce and were good friends at the end of the day. We rode around the city in a very fine bus and our guide pointed out the spots of interest. The Sir Christopher Wren buildings are beautiful, but everything is covered with thick layers of silt—compared with Paris, London seems very ugly and very dirty.

The British certainly wallow in history and tradition; every little spot in this huge city has some historical significance, such as "Sir Walter Raleigh walked here," or as at Banbury Cross, "Eleanor of Castille's casket bearers stopped to rest here." We did enjoy

the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, it was a very colorful show. The new guard comes marching down the street preceded by a mounted Bobby and a Brass Band. The instruments of highly polished brass, flashing in the sunlight, the Drum Major proud, as he swings his long baton in time with the music, and the guards, (The Scotch Guard today) all of a size, are very snappy in their bright red coats and tall fur hats, as they march in perfect step to the gates of the palace. There is a great deal of shouting, stepping and presenting of arms and the crowd was delighted when they caught sight of Bonnie Prince Charlie and little Princess Ann in the balcony window.

We visited the bloody tower, were dazzled by the fabulous Crown Jewels and took pictures of the guards (the Beef-eaters) and the ravens. The ravens are quite odd, they jump sideways. Legend has it that the Tower will crumble if the ravens fly away so as a precaution their wings are clipped.

We relived more of English History as we visited St. Paul's Cathedral and saw the beautiful Crinolin Gibbons carvings and the "Light of the World." We set our watches to "Big Ben" and toured the House of Parliament. We were all getting tired and Carol sat down for a minute on one of the red leather benches in the House of Lords; the guard was horrified, (imagine an American holding a seat in the House of Lords). After luncheon we went to Westminster Abbey—how cold and empty these big Cathedrals are without the Divine Presence! We found everything very interesting, especially the Poet's corner. It was a gruelling day, really too much to try to see in one day. As we reentered our bus, after leaving the Abbey with all its tombs, one of our party, an elderly southern lady slumped into her seat and said "Land sakes! I'm just as dead as anyone in there!"

When we got back to our rooms the youngsters wouldn't even go to eat, so we had a sandwich sent up for them and they were asleep in no time.

K.C. and I had a "Gin and It" which revived us enough to go down to dinner. We should have gone to bed. The food grows progressively worse. They proudly announced that they had some roast lamb on the menu. They sliced it with a razor but thin as it was, it was as tough as an old mountain goat, which I am sure it was. There is a very sad shortage of food here. One learns to go early to dinner in order to get meat that is fit to eat. There is something pathetic about a group of waiters in white ties and tails hovering over a beautiful covered, silver server, that contains a scrawny leg of old goat, garnished with soggy potatoes, parsley and water-cress.

We were told to be ready to meet our bus at 8 a.m. the next morning Sunday for a tour of the English countryside, Shakespeare's birthplace and Stratford-on-Avon. Of course this meant 6 o'clock Mass for us. K. C. and the children rebelled. As this was one of the

things I was looking forward to most in England, I decided to go on without them. "Carry on Old Ironsides" were K.C.'s last words as he dropped off to sleep. Due to the fact that I am the only one so far, who hasn't had a touch of the stomach cramps, and that I am able to walk longer without tiring, I have gained the nick-name of Old Ironsides.

July 20

I didn't feel much like Old Ironsides as I piled out of bed this morning, but a brisk walk through Cobblestone streets to the beautiful little Church of the Immaculate Conception made me feel much better. All of our group except one couple and my three sleepy heads were on hand to meet the bus at 8 o'clock sharp, and we started off to the country—what beautiful country it is! We found the weather unusually warm in England and we had a beautiful day for our long ride. We saw large fields of heather, poppies and wild mustard; thatched-roofed cottages, quaint Inns and lovely farms. We stopped at a charming little Inn for breakfast, had cucumber sandwiches, coffee and cake, surprisingly good. Our first official stop was Oxford University, which we covered quite thoroughly. We were shown through some of the Colleges—Christ's, Magdalen, Merton, etc.—walked through the old dining hall at Christ's College and some of the beautiful gardens. We saw the Bodleian Library, the Theatre, Rhoades House and the Bridge of Sighs. Then off again we went into more beautiful country, stopping at Blenheim Castle (Churchill's birthplace) we wandered through its beautiful gardens, passed by Warwick Castle then stopped for lunch at another old Inn. The waitress recommended Roast Duckling and we all ordered it but not one of us could eat it—Roast Buzzard would have been a better name for it. We settled for a stein of ale and moved on. Stratford-on-Avon was our next stop. The Avon winds through the lovely little town of Stratford and Shakespeare's birthplace is very well preserved and quite a museum. There are charming, permanent guides to tell about each room and I took my time browsing around. Reading from the first Folio of Shakespeare's works (which was turned to "As You Like It"), *Shades of Touchstone*, which part I acted in College Dramatics! Before leaving I signed my name in the huge Guest Book. Our friend and guide, dear (?) Mr. Burton was very annoyed with me for taking so long, but I just let him simmer as I strolled up the street to Ann Hathaway's Cottage which was very lovely and most interesting.

We started back to London by a different road and stopped only for tea. We really made the sandwiches and cakes disappear, and the Inn-Keeper was very kind and brought us extra servings. When I arrived back at the Hotel, K.C. and the girls had a strange version of Romeo and Juliet all rehearsed and ready for me. The costumes were clerly designed from the silk bedspreads but the lines were a strange mixture of Shakespearean English and American Westerns. We had a good laugh over it. They had a fine time while I

was gone; they romped in St. James Park and took in the cinema (Believe it or not they found a Western Picture).

July 21

K. C. went over to the Congress Hall to register and attend some of the lectures so Carol, Barbara and I washed our hair, fixed our nails and then went out and did some window shopping. We went through one or two Department Stores, did a lot of pricing, but didn't find anything we liked. We did find a good place to eat (The Lyon House)—not at all expensive. There's not much point paying fancy prices for meals, they are all equally bad. Here at least there was a large assortment of salads and sandwiches.

K. C. had a fine time at the Dental Congress, met quite a number of men from the States and sat in on some interesting discussions. We all felt in good spirits after our restful day.

We took an evening stroll around Picadilly Circus, saw the headlines about an earthquake in California, noticed that it centered around Tehachepi and refused to worry too much about it. We are leaving tomorrow for a short visit to Ireland and are looking forward to it. I will write again from Ireland.

(To be continued)

Katie

By Barabara Bashe

You would have loved her too. The first time Jim brought her to the house was about two years ago. He had met her two weeks before at a party. She was someone else's date but that made no difference to him and he asked her out that very night. Not that Jim made a habit of stealing other fellows' girls—in fact he had dated very little up to this time. He was the studious type and had taken girls out only when his reputation demanded that he attend some social function or be called a square. Perhaps this inexperience of his explains the whole thing. Anyway he did take her out, once, twice, maybe three times. Then he brought her to the house for dinner one night. And she was the kind of girl a fellow would want to bring home. I remember that night so well. I suppose we all do because Jim had never done a thing like that before—brought a girl home I mean. From the way Mom smiled and took her hand I knew that she liked her. Dad liked her because she was pretty. That's his only criteria for judging a girl. She was the most Irish-looking person I had ever met. Her hair was dark brown and fell in soft waves not quite to her shoulders and it had a funny way of bouncing when she walked. Katie's eyes were wide set and so blue they were almost violet. Her lashes were long and curled and her eyebrows were quite heavy. Yes, her eyes were the most fascinating eyes I had ever seen. Her nose was straight and her mouth a little too large. Katie had done some modeling for Conover up in San Francisco so you can imagine what a lovely figure she had. But, here I am getting away from my story.

Naturally Mom worried all day for fear dinner wouldn't be up to par that night. As usual her worry was all in vain because she never misses. We all wanted to impress Katie and we succeeded. But then, we were impressed, too. She was good company and kept us laughing. Being only sixteen I fancied I saw adoration in Jim's eyes. And—maybe I did. After dinner, I cleared the table, closed the kitchen door and began the long, slow, torturous process of dish-washing. If I had never liked Kate before I would have from the moment she was at my side, dishtowel in hand. She insisted on drying dishes and, overruling the objections of the rest of the family, she did. And I think she enjoyed it. Later when Jim and Katie went to the show I knew somehow that she didn't want to leave and so, for the first of many, many times I felt sorry for her.

The next day, through what I thought was subtle questioning, I found out about Kate's life from Jim. Her parents had been divorced for about ten years and she had remained with her mother and brother in San Francisco while her father came to Los Angeles to live. Soon her mother married again, for security more than anything

else, and even this she didn't have, much less her children. Katie went on living with her mother and stepfather realizing as time went by how little she was wanted. When she was a senior in high school her father told her she could come to Los Angeles if she wanted to. At the time he was living in a run-down cheap hotel in a questionable section of town. After a few weeks at the hotel he realized that it was no place for a young girl and so reluctantly he rented a small house. Kate did the housework and cooking and lived pretty much alone. Her father often didn't come home until late at night and in the morning she would leave for school before he had awakened. It was a lonely life for someone as affectionate as Kate. Jim hadn't told me all of this—just a few statements. The rest I figured out for myself over a period of months. But I understood enough that morning to know why Katie hadn't wanted to leave the night before.

As the weeks went by we saw a good deal of Kate. Mom understood too and always made her feel at home. She had wonderful little methods of accomplishing this as only a mother could. I only did it in one way—by handing her the dishtowel—and after awhile this was a little joke between us. There was so much about Katie that was likable and, never having had a sister of my own, she substituted very nicely. We got along well and often did things together, like shopping or going swimming or taking in a movie when Jim was studying. He was in his fourth year at law school and spent the better part of each day pouring over his books. Kate was very generous about his enforced neglect and was actually grateful if he took her out once a week. She could be satisfied with so little—maybe because she had never known what it was to have much. But the day would come. . . . On the evenings that they did date Jim usually brought her back to the house and she spent the night with me. It was more convenient than taking her all the way home. Kate and I enjoyed those visits. Often she would come in after I had been asleep for hours. She'd wake me up and we would talk and talk until we fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

Christmas came and went. Jim gave her a beautiful robe and she gave him a cashmere of which he was very proud. One night, soon after vacation was over, Kate and Jim returned from a date much earlier than usual. I didn't give it a second thought. Maybe the party was dull or something. But I was feeling particularly talkative and when Kate's lively responses were not forthcoming I wondered. However, not wanting to pry into her affairs I said nothing. Just before turning off the light she said, almost quickly as though she were glad to say it, "Jim and I had a fight." I said, "Oh?" She went on, "I suppose it was my fault. He told me just after we got to Barney's that he wanted to leave early so he could do some studying tonight. I guess I resented it because I saw so little of him during vacation. Oh, I'm just feeling sorry for myself. Forget it."

In the darkness I could hear her pounding her pillow into shape

and after awhile, a thud as it landed on the floor; then her quiet, regular breathing. It was the usual routine but this time I knew she wasn't asleep. I lay there for a long time remembering all the nights during the past weeks that Jim had been out with the boys or just sitting at home listening to records. But he was my brother and so I lay there in silence.

The next morning Jim took Kate home after breakfast and then came back to spend the day studying. I didn't mention the misunderstanding because . . . well, it really wasn't any of my business and besides I knew Jim would have resented it. It never occurred to him I'm sure, that Kate and I were such good friends. He still considered me just his "kid sister" and as long as I remembered this I was safe. Perhaps you'll think I had a morbid curiosity in things that didn't concern me. It's just that I loved them both so much and I hated to see Kate get hurt. She'd been hurt so much all her life. All she wanted was love, affection, a sense of belonging and being needed. I wondered if Jim realized that she was different from other girls—at least the other girls he had known all his life. Girls who had known security—so much security, in fact, that they yearned to be independent.

As time went by their group of friends realized that Kate and Jim were "going together" quite seriously. No one tried to date Katie any more and Jim sat back satisfied in the warm glow of possession. Now Jim is my brother and I love him dearly. I'm not condemning him for what he did because he didn't know himself what was happening. Although I was four years younger than he, women understand these things much better than men. Call it intuition if you like or a sixth sense. But I could see what Kate was going through and my heart ached for her. She was truly deeply in love with Jim and she wanted and needed his love. On a windy day toward the end of March she told me that Jim had proposed and I shall never forget the look in her eyes. He was to give her her ring during the summer and until then they weren't going to say anything to anyone, not even my folks. She swore me to secrecy. I hugged her and promised not to say a word. Now things would be different I thought. But they weren't. Jim neglected her—I don't like to use that word but its the only true one—more than before. People are like that, I suppose. They strive to obtain something and once in possession of it they become careless and only after they've lost it they see their mistake. Well, that's exactly what happened. Jim was working hard for the coming exams but we still had a telephone and a call once or twice during the week would have meant nothing to him and so much to Kate. This went on until about the middle of May. I was so furious with him I could hardly contain myself. I wanted to hit him over the head to wake him up. Maybe Katie was wrong in keeping still. She never complained—at least not that any of us knew about, and if she said anything to Jim it didn't make much impression on him. Then one night Jim called her and

said he was coming over. Kate told him no, that she was tired and was going to bed early. I give Jim credit for knowing Katie well enough to know that this was not her normal reaction. About nine o'clock that same evening he went to her home. She wasn't there so he sat in his car and waited. About two o'clock she came home with a fellow Jim had known only slightly and had introduced them to each other one day. Well, Jim was in a blind rage of jealousy but had the good sense to come home. In the morning he was back before eight o'clock demanding an explanation and when Katie didn't feel like giving him one he told her the whole thing was off—to forget about it. He came home, told the folks what had happened, and I remember so well how he paced the floor, back and forth, back and forth, smoking one cigarette after another. They talked for a long time. I mean Jim talked. Mom and Dad didn't say much but I could tell that they sympathized with him. Yes, after all if Kate was practically engaged to Jim she shouldn't have dated someone else. Oh, I just couldn't sit there and keep quiet and so I said something. In fact, as I recall it now, I said quite a lot. Jim never would have let me finish except that he was too surprised to interrupt. I'm afraid I didn't understand much then about being subtle or tactful, and afterwards I wondered if I had hurt Jim or been disloyal. I didn't want to be, but somehow he just didn't understand that everything wasn't Kate's fault. Jim was very impetuous, and as time went by I think he was sorry that he had been so quick with Katie that morning. He was also very proud and never having had to humble himself before, he didn't know how to do it then. And so it was all over. At least outwardly. But Jim realized at last what he had had in a girl like Katie. He realized too how much he really loved her, but it was too late. Someone else had offered Kate the security of a love that she had never known with Jim, and being a sensible girl she accepted it. Jim has gone with many nice girls since then but none of them are Katie.

As I look back on it all now, maybe that was the best thing that could have happened to Jim because it did more to make him grow up than anything else could have done. I suppose the reason I remember this all so well is that I was young and impressionable and romantic. And, too, because my life was so different from Katie's. You might think that I've been overly dramatic about the first love affair of two nice young people. And yet, what is more dramatic than that first, wonderful love, and what is more dramatic than the moment when that love suddenly dies?

St. Ignatius of Antioch

By Evelyn Gurdin

The seven letters of St. Ignatius of Antioch, translated from the Greek, must surely be among the most treasured remnants of early Christian literature. Though little is known of the Syrian bishop beyond sketchy allusions in the letters, and an occasional conjecture by historians, his words reflect like an image in a mirror, the gigantic stature of this saintly man. His inward character was one of devotional and sacramental life, a life of ardor and solicitude, one in which he found a place for human affection and a zealous striving for truth which led him to a martyr's death. History tells us that this bishop-martyr was thrown to the beasts in a Roman amphitheatre in the reign of the Emperor Trajan (98-117 A.D.).

Part of St. Ignatius' itinerary from Antioch to Rome, as a prisoner in chains, can be traced from the letters written on the journey. The seven famous epistles were addressed to the Churches of Ephesus, Magnesia, Tralles, Rome, Philadelphia and Smyrna, and to St. Polycarp. In the letter to the Romans he speaks of "already battling with beasts on my journey . . . on lands and at sea . . . with a band of guards who grow more brutal the better they are treated." No doubt he sailed from the port in Antioch to Attilia in Pamphilia. He passed through Philadelphia, too, on the way to Smyrna where St. Polycarp was bishop. It is evident from a letter of Polycarp written to the Philippians that Ignatius also travelled through Troas.

The importance of these letters from a dogmatic standpoint is obvious to all who read them. Though doctrine and discipline have developed during the years since Ignatius' time, his treatment of the mysteries of the Trinity, Incarnation, Redemption, and Eucharist is of such firmness and lucidity that it can be a model to all. He greets the Ephesians, ". . . you who have grown in spiritual stature through the fullness of God the Father, and have been predestined from eternity to eternal, abiding and unchanging glory, and have been united and chosen through a true passion by the will of the Father and of Jesus Christ, our God." He alludes to the Trinity later, writing, "Like the stones of a temple, cut for a building of God the Father, you have been lifted up to the top by the crane of Jesus Christ, which is the Cross, and the rope of the Holy Spirit."

In the epistle to the Smyrnaeans he condemns the Docetists, who, by denying the reality of our Lord's human body, implicitly denied the hope of the resurrection of the body, and so, logically, the hope of immortality. He writes: "For He suffered all these things for us, that we might be saved. And He suffered truly, and just as truly

raised Himself from the dead. He did not suffer merely in appearance, as some of the unbelievers say—they themselves being merely in appearance; for it will be their fate, in accordance with their faith, to be bodiless and ghost-like."

Many times St. Ignatius refers to the Eucharist. To the Ephesians he pens, ". . . and break one Bread which is the medicine of immortality and the antidote against death, enabling us to live for ever in Jesus Christ." And to the Philadelphians, "Be zealous, then, in the observance of one Eucharist. For there is one flesh of our Lord, Jesus Christ, and one chalice that brings union in His blood."

In limpid and lyric lines, which I cannot resist quoting, is a prelude to the dogma of the Virgin Birth. "The maidenhood of Mary and her child-bearing and also the death of the Lord were hidden from the prince of this world—three resounding mysteries wrought in the silence of God. How, then, did He appear in time? A star, brighter than all other stars, shone in the sky, and its brightness was ineffable and the novelty of it caused astonishment. And the rest of the stars, along with the sun and moon, formed a choir about the star; but the light of the star by itself outshone all the rest. It was a puzzle to know the origin of this novelty unlike anything else. Thereupon all magic was dissolved, every bond of malice disappeared, ignorance was destroyed, the ancient kingdom was ruined, when God appeared in the form of man to give us newness of eternal life."

St. Ignatius makes strong insistence throughout the Letters on the hierarchy of bishops, priests and deacons, and writes often of the unity of the Church. "Shun schisms . . . let all follow the bishop as Jesus Christ did the Father, and the priests, as you would the Apostles. Reverence the deacons as you would the command of God. Apart from the bishop, let no one perform any of the functions that pertain to the Church. Let that Eucharist be held valid which is offered by the bishop or by one to whom the bishop has committed this charge. Wherever the bishop appears, there let the people be; as wherever Jesus Christ is, there is the Catholic Church." In another instance he writes, "For, all who belong to God and Jesus Christ are with the bishop. And those, too, will belong to God who have returned, repentant, to the unity of the Church so as to live in accordance with Jesus Christ."

Many illusions to the practice of Christian virginity and to the religious nature of marriage may be found in the epistles. St. Ignatius exhorts Polycarp to "Tell my sisters to love the Lord and to be satisfied with their husbands in flesh and spirit. In the same way tell my brothers in the name of Jesus Christ to love their wives as the Lord does the Church. If anyone is able to persevere in chastity to the honor of the flesh of the Lord, let him do so in all humility."

The apologetic value of St. Ignatius' letters cannot be overlooked.

These epistles, along with writings of St. Polycarp, Clement (Bishop of Rome in the first century), Papias, Irenaeus, Justin, Tertullian and a few others are strong friendly testimony giving external evidence to the genuinity, integrity, and trustworthiness of the Gospels. The works of St. Ignatius are filled with quotations from all four Gospels, and also from the epistles of Paul. The many summaries of and references to doctrine contained in his letters lead us to conclude that the Bishop of Antioch was thoroughly familiar with perhaps even all of the canonical writings, and in essentially the same forms that we now have them. St. John's Gospel had only been recently written (about 100 A.D.) at that time, so that Ignatius' familiarity with the beloved Apostle's teaching indicates that the work was widely known. In fact, he accords it the same authority as the synoptic Gospels.

Following are a few quotations from St. Ignatius with parallel quotations from the Gospels and other New Testament books.

St. Ignatius: "For if the prayer of one or two men has so much force. . . ."

Matt. 18:19-20 ". . . that if two of you agree over any request that you make on earth, it will be granted them by my Father who is in heaven."

St. Ignatius: "A tree is shown by its fruit. . . ."

Matt. 12:33 ". . . the test of the tree is in its fruit."

Luke 6:44 "Each tree is known by its proper fruit; figs are not plucked from thorns, nor grapes gathered from brier bushes."

St. Ignatius: ". . . and break one Bread which is the medicine of immortality. . . ."

1 Cor. 10:16 "Is not the bread we break a participation in Christ's body?"

John 6:54,59 "Whereupon Jesus saith to them, Believe me when I tell you this; you can have no life in yourselves, unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood. . . . Such is the bread which has come down from heaven . . . the man who eats this bread will live eternially."

St. Ignatius: "He is the door of the Father through which . . . all enter."

John 10:9 "I am the door; a man will find salvation if he makes his way in through me. . . ."

St. Ignatius: "As for me, I know that even after His resurrection He was in the flesh, and I believe this to be true. For, when He came to those who were with Peter, He said to them: 'Take hold on me and handle me

- and see that I am not a spirit without a body.”
- Luke 24:39 “Look at my hands and my feet, to be assured that it is myself; touch me, and look; a spirit has not flesh and bones, as you see that I have.”
- St. Ignatius: “In all things be wise as the serpent and at all times be as simple as the dove.”
- Matt. 10:16 “. . . you must be wary, then, as serpents, and yet innocent as doves.”
- St. Ignatius: “In the same way tell my brothers in the name of Jesus Christ to love their wives as the Lord loves the Church.”
- Ephesians 5:25 “You who are husbands must show love to your wives, as Christ showed love to the Church when he gave himself up on its behalf.”

The shibboleths of controversy which question the authenticity of the Gospels lose much of their force in the face of the above weighty evidence. This rests, of course, on the authenticity of St. Ignatius' letters, and the determined effort of modern critical scholarship has settled the debate over that point.

From the apologetic standpoint, then, we may conclude from Ignatius' letters that all four Gospels were written before this time and that their apostolic origin was widely known. Further, the Bishop of Antioch emphasizes in the epistle to the Philadelphians that it was the teaching of the bishop which was to guide men to a knowledge of the truths contained in the Gospels. He writes, “For Jesus Christ, our inseparable life, is the will of the Father, even as the bishops who have been appointed throughout the world are by the will of Jesus Christ . . . let us then be careful not to oppose the bishop, that we may be subject to God.”

In this day of anti-intellectualism when materialism, agnosticism and atheism have led people to a madness which holds for a world without meaning, a god without intelligence, and a man without a purpose, we would do well to harken back to these early Christian writings, and glean from their simple exposition how the devotional and sacramental life can be ours just as it was the life of such a man as Ignatius. The test of St. Ignatius' belief was his willingness to die for Truth. To die for Christ is a privilege not given to many of us, but the test of realization of the Truth is the ability to live by it.

Perhaps, then, as St. John of the Cross says, we may be cured of that soul-sickness which makes men “measure God by themselves and not themselves by God.”

Estelle Massey Riddle

By Mary Jane Hoffmann

Before attempting to understand the life of any leader in the nursing profession who happened to be born of Negro parents, it is necessary to face the reality of racial discriminations in the United States. The problems such a person must meet are only in part those which the white nurses have met. There are very difficult additional problems. Training and work more often than not are at hospitals which offer inferior advantages. There is opportunity for development as a human being in meeting and overcoming such problems.

Estelle Massey Riddle followed in the footsteps of Mary Mahoney in seeking the best available training and, as a nurse, persisted in acts and attitudes that have won new and better privileges for those who are to come after. She has lived to prove herself primarily bigger rather than primarily bitter. Because of her victory as a Negro woman in a predominately white nation as well as her contributions to nursing, the next generation of Negroes already have better opportunities to prepare for the higher levels of nursing services and more opportunity for jobs on those levels.

Born in Palestine, Texas, Estelle was the eighth child in a family of ten children. Estelle's father had been one of Palestine's first settlers. Here he had built a home where the children were reared and from which all went out to secure an education that included a minimum of two years of college.

Estelle went through the schools of Palestine and from there went to the Prairie View State College where she graduated and became a rural school teacher. But teaching was her family's choice and not her own. She wanted to be a dentist, so one summer she went to St. Louis to assist her brother who was practicing dentistry there.

As a young professional man, her brother had friends among internes and they of course began to tell Estelle what a fine profession nursing was and about the training school at the hospital. Estelle discovered she liked the idea and in October, 1920, she entered the school of nursing of City Hospital No. 2, St. Louis, Missouri. In 1923 Estelle Massey passed the Missouri State Board Examinations with an average of 93.3, the highest in the state.

The day after graduation Miss Massey, RN, was appointed head nurse on the male medical division of City Hospital No. 2. Years began to slip away—the third had almost gone—and, as the head nurse remained the head nurse despite vacancies that would have meant advancement, the realization came that she was in a blind alley. City Hospital No. 2 was for Negroes only, but under white

supervision. When better jobs were filled, white nurses with less experience than she were appointed, and acted as her superiors.

To add to the inner confusion that injustice can create, her mother died as she was finishing her third year's work as head nurse. This death brought sorrow as well as release from certain financial responsibilities. Miss Massey saw clearly the dilemma which she faced, and so she resigned.

She then entered the field of public nursing and became a visiting nurse on the staff of the Municipal Nursing Service. Here too, racial discrimination was so unfair and galling that she resigned again. This time she decided to leave nursing for good rather than to be crushed and embittered which she was afraid might happen if she continued to be a part of the injustice which affected all Negroes.

Suddenly, opportunity came once more, this time in the form of a teaching position at Lincoln High School and Central Nursing School. It was at Central Nursing School that she became acquainted with Mr. H. O. Cook who had been a strong influence in the lives of many Negroes. It was through his advice and encouragement that Estelle found a way to gain further education.

She received her Bachelor of Science degree in 1930 and a scholarship from the Rosenwald Fund enabled her to work for her Master of Arts degree which she received in 1931, the first ever awarded a Negro nurse.

Student days over she was made Educational Director at the Freedmen's Hospital in Washington, D.C. She was now at that place in her life, where she viewed her profession from a level where it was her primary job to help nurses to better their opportunities rather than to merely look out for herself. She entered upon a phase in which she matched so many of the leaders of her profession. It was distressing to find so much good material outside instead of inside nursing. When young Negro women met unfair blocks to advancement, some left nursing; others refused to take training because only second-rate training schools were open to them.

At Freedmen's Hospital, Miss Massey now had opportunity to attract ambitious young women. She began to attack the problems of Negro nurses on a national scale through volunteer services with the National Association of Colored Graduate Nurses. Contacts were made and slowly progress came opening up educational opportunities for colored nurses.

After her marriage she resigned her position at Freedmen's but almost immediately the Julius Rosenwald Fund called upon her to investigate the rural districts of the South. The success of the investigation depended upon co-operation from white people who controlled community affairs and her goal to obtain that co-operation was rewarded.

She served for five successive years as president of the National Association of Colored Graduate Nurses and has been a spokesman for her race and for nursing in many capacities.

During the war she worked on the long range problems to provide opportunity for Negroes to get better nurses' training and to have our military services accept colored nurses. Neither problem was easy. Hammering at doors unfairly closed became louder and more persistent. Nurses, both white and colored, brought co-operative pressure to bear, wherever it was likely to do good. In short, things began to move and Mrs. Riddle's was one of the strongest shoulders pushing against the walls of prejudice and apathy.

"The history of humanity is one that emphasizes that greatness grows in people who rise mainly through their own efforts." Unquestionably many Negro Americans have already shown capacity for greatness, while many have not. Yet such is true of whites. The future of Negro nursing in the next few decades will be greatly dependent upon the capacity of its women to win a victory over their own tendencies to prejudice. For prejudice is ignorance and ignorance is weakness no matter where it is found. It is strength that is needed to help us combat our own weaknesses, strength such as Estelle Massey has demonstrated to us, by living the motto

*"I, the Black Nurse of America,
Wish to do my part . . ."*

Hilo Memoirs

By Bettymae Cabral

Our family I consider no different from that of any other family in the Islands. We have no exceptional members. There are eight of us in the clan, four boys and four girls—boy, girl, boy, girl series. wading to school perhaps three of the five days of the week; this may account for my somewhat webbed-feet.

In the early 1800's my grandparents came over on a little fishing boat from Portugal. Tales of their experience were always a weekly treat for us each Saturday night, when my grandfather would visit us. We'd sit on the front porch or lanai as it is called at home, with the starry Hawaiian sky overhead, and listen to hilarious and sometimes gruesome tales.

We lived on a sugar plantation, in an olive-colored house, which we always attacked when it came to cleaning time on Saturdays. There was a railroad crossing in front of our house; through it passed the trains that brought in the sugar cane from the fields.

I remember sitting on the stone-wall watching the trains pass, never tiring of waving to the locomotive engineers. Sometimes they'd feel sorry for me, and would bring me a piece of sugar cane, which I chewed all afternoon, until mom convinced me that there was no sugar left in it.

About a block away from our house, was the Wailoa river. Through it the barges came to load the sugar bags which would be taken to the harbor, and there reloaded into a freighter. Jumping from one stationary barge to another, barely escaping falling into the river, was a feat we tried to excel in. We'd compete to see who could go the fastest. Being on the heavier side I was always the slowest.

My brother Henry was a newspaper carrier, and often he would ask me to help him. This I considered great, for he'd give me a dime or a candy bar as payment for the service. There were times when as a special treat, he'd take me to the sugar mill where a friend of his would give us some raw brown sugar. We'd cup our hands under the metal opening of the chute and hold them there, till we thought we had enough, then with gusto we licked our hands clean.

Something we all cherished were the days spent at the Volcano district. We had a quaint summer cottage, located about five miles from the now active Halemaumau crater. It was a little red and white wooden frame, surrounded by pikake, Mauna Loa blossoms and giant tree ferns. Every Sunday morning after the six o'clock Mass, we would start preparations for our journey. Mom would

prepare the food, roast with baked potatoes, carrots, rice, salad, stew and poi and a special dessert, coconut cake. While all of this was being prepared, my three sisters and I would tidy the house while the male set got the tools and the car readied. Clothes gathered, everything packed, then off we'd start, often accompanied by an uncle and aunt and their clan. Along the way we'd sing and play the ukelele, until we lapsed into sweet slumber.

During our early trips, even in the days of the old Model T Ford, we made it, but nobody knows how. Much to our amazement we managed to get ten of us into poor old Suzie. Puffing she climbed the hills, with the assistance of Uncle Joe's newer model. No matter what happened we never traded a ride in Suzie for the newer car "Speed." Suzie was held in high esteem and the day she parted with us on her old-age pension we were very sad. Well anyway, after a three hour ride, (my father could have made it in an hour and a half if he didn't believe in not rushing things) we made it to the Volcano. Like cats, let out of a pen, we scrambled about, each seeking his hideout to find if it was still the same. Often the whole thing would be a shambles after a slight earthquake had occurred. My father and older brothers worked in the yard, while we of the slip-stick set, went along the roadway to pick blackberries. My younger brother most of the time could not be accounted for, he always managed to keep himself busy at building traps which he never did get us to fall into.

We'd often play hide and seek among the giant tree ferns, which grew abundantly in the empty lot next door. Mom would poke her head out from the kitchen window and call, "Kau, Kau," which means lunchtime in Hawaiian. We'd all wash our hands in the icy cold water stored in huge tanks outside the house. After the dishes were done, we'd have a siesta hour or Moi Moi. The first one up woke the rest, then as the mist started to fall and evening approached, we'd pick the flowers, lock up the house and tool shed, pile back into Suzie, and start on our homeward trek. Tired we'd fall asleep (with the exception of Mom and Dad) awaking to find that we were home, and had to get ready for bed. Crawling into bed, we thought of the coming week and school tomorrow.

The girls went to St. Joseph's a school for girls, while the boys attended St. Mary's. At six-thirty Mom would start calling, if she wanted to get us all to school on time at eight-thirty. We travelled in the school bus, called the "sampan" after a Japanese vessel of the same make. The sides were open, affording a complete view of the scenery but also very inviting to the rain. Why Hilo of all the islands should have such means of public transportation was beyond the grasp of many, including the Public Utilities Commission. The schools were about four miles from where we lived, on Haili Hill overlooking beautiful Hilo Bay.

Once at school we looked forward more to the lunch we were to

consume than to the knowledge we were to gain, for exchanging lunches was a must on our programs. I remember always trading my dessert for a banana. When the school bell sounded at 2:35, there was another stampede, everyone trying to be first in the bus line. Often we walked the four miles home and spent our nickel-bus-fare on an ice cream cone, or picked guavas, a delicious native fruit, growing profusely along the road-side. Once while walking home I lost a shoe which Mom had just bought for me the day before. My heart was torn to shreds as I tried to recollect the trails I had taken. All in vain for I had crossed too many taro patches; I just couldn't remember.

As the old year calendars were dropped into the wastepaper basket, along with them went the years of our education, not that they were wasted, but that they were gone and a new year of schooling was to begin. Gradually my older brothers and sisters left the Big Island to complete their Catholic education in Honolulu. My brothers went to St. Louis College and my sisters to St. Francis Convent. When my sophomore year came, I left Hilo. All was exciting at first but once away from Hilo's shores I was lonesome. I didn't go to St. Francis, as everyone expected, instead the blue and white uniforms of Sacred Hearts Academy fascinated me, so there I found myself spending the carefree days of high school. Every Summer and Christmas Holiday, I flew home via Hawaiian Airlines, to Hilo. Each time, Hilo looked different. Maybe it was that I was growing older and my outlook changing. The memories of my early youth seemed like silly anecdotes. The past was fading, along with the land marks that made it up. The old places of interest, the cane-fields, the Chinese stores were all replaced by modernized buildings. There were no more cheap ice cream cones, as the girls and boys didn't believe in walking home from school. I couldn't believe that all of this could happen in such a short time, but it did. Every time I came home, an old familiar site was gone. As I looked about me, I thought that surely the memories of my childhood were gone forever, but how wrong I was, for now that I'm in another land of sunshine, my thoughts go back to those happy days spent, as a child, in beautiful sunny Hilo, Hawaii.

Grecian Costume

By Carla Carlucci

"Love of beauty led to love of dress by which that beauty is adorned and heightened."

The study of Grecian costumes is a very interesting subject. We derive our information from murals on walls of houses, vases, records of travel, poetry, painting, sculpture, and particularly literature.

In treating this subject I will discuss the costumes of the 1) Pre-Hellenic (Crete) and 2) the Homeric (Classical) periods of Greek History.

Pre Hellenic: The men wore an extremely simple outfit. It consisted of a loin cloth of gaily-colored and patterned material hanging from the waist or drawn into short drawers and held by a broad belt. Occasionally the men would wear a short mantle fastened on one shoulder by a clip. As we shall see throughout the study of Greece they indulged in very exquisite footwear.

The women during the Pre-Hellenic period wore short sleeved bodices with low cut neck lines. Their small waists encircled by a bell shaped skirt suggested the use of a corset. Chemisettes were often worn also having low cut neck lines. The hair and head coverings were an important part of the costume. They left several strands of hair hanging free to their waists while the rest was knotted at the back of the neck. Occasionally the women were seen in hats with tall crowns and narrow brims. During this period jewelry was worn in abundance. Women wore rings, necklaces, and bracelets (upper and lower arm). Men wore golden inlaid daggers in their belts.

Homeric or Classical Period: In the Homeric poems we are given the dress of the Aeoloco-Ilonians down to the ninth and eighth century B.C. This dress described by Homer was believed to have been brought over from Asia by their forefathers. The dress attributed to the women of Homer continued to be worn by the Dorians to a much later date. During this period the garments were woven in the home by the women and home slaves and constituted part of the family treasure.

The Chiton or dress was the most important part of the costume. There were two types: the Doric and Ionic.

The Doric was the simpler of the two. It was a "rectangular piece of material, wool usually, which measured generally one foot more than the wearer's height and equalled in width twice the distance

from finger tip to finger tip with the arms outstretched. The extra foot was folded back and the long rectangular piece was folded around the form with the fold on the left shoulder. The back and front of the dress was caught at the shoulder and fastened by a fibula (pin). The waist was held in by a girdle. To adjust the length, the material was bloused around the waist, commonly known or referred to as the kalpos. From the familiar quotation "White armed," we know that they made no attempt to cover their arms.

The Ionic Chiton differed in material, size, and arrangement over the arms. It was made out of a larger rectangular piece of linen. It was sewn from the waist down. The sleeves were formed by folding back the front and back of the dress and pinning at intervals. The girdle, which was used to hold this down, was very elaborate. A cord or leather strap was also used which passed over one shoulder and under that arm. The very earliest chitons were called peplos. The names Doric and Ionic chiton correspond to the Greek architecture of the columns. The Dorians were soldiers and practical men of affairs. Their quality expressed both simplicity and strength. The Ionians were artists, poets, and philosophers. Every effort marked a great feeling for beauty and grace.

During the classical period the men and women both wore a special outfit for out-of-door use. There were chiefly two types: the himations and the chlamys. The himation was worn by both men and women. It was as significant to the Greeks as the toga was to the Romans. It consisted of a large rectangular piece of woolen material draped over the left shoulder, across the back, and under the right shoulder. A weighted end was thrown over the left shoulder. The chlamys was a small mantle worn by the men on riding and traveling trips. It was composed of a piece of material two yards by one yard by one-half yard. It also was fastened on the shoulder by a fibula.

The distinguishing mark between the Homeric and the later centuries in dress was primarily the quality and rarity of the cloth. Cloth of gold was not uncommon in this period. In the *Iliad* we read of Helen:

*Here in her palace at her loom she found;
The golden web her own sad story crowned
The Trojan wars she weaves (herself the prize)
And the dire triumph of her fatal eyes.*

Generally speaking wool was used by the Dorians; linen and later silk by the Ionians. Cotton, a costly fabric was chiefly used for veils. In regard to color the chitons were usually of purple, red, blue, or saffron materials. The himations were white. Purple and black were worn as signs of mourning. White and gold was the favorite combination of women's clothing.

The headdress was a very definite part of the costume. Men wore

petasus, broad brimmed hats with ear flaps. Women wore either the folds of the himation or a shimmering white veil, the veil being a very pronounced sign of modesty.

*O'er her fair face a snowy veil
she threw and
safely sighing from the loom withdrew*

Concerning Andromache:

*. . . The ornaments draped from her
brow, the wreath, the woven band,
the net, the veil, which Venus gave
. . .*

In this age women of fashion also wore tiaras and mitres. The tiara was the crescent shaped diadem of Juno and Venus, the mitre a "Bushel shaped crown worn by the goddess Ceres."

The dress of these Grecian women usually followed the natural lines of the body, likewise the hair was arranged in such a way as to reveal the contour of the head. They would draw it back in soft waves and gather it at the back of the neck, and hold it in place by pins of bone or ivory.

In most instances the footwear was very elaborate and highly decorative. A sandal with a sole and strap of leather was the commonest shoe. Boots of soft leather were also worn. The cleverly embroidered gold cloth sandal was also an example of Grecian footwear.

This period catered to the wearing of jewelry. Rings, necklaces, bracelets, earrings, pins, and combs were worn. But the Greeks lacked the color the Egyptians enjoyed. Colored gems were found only in rings. All other jewelry was made of gold and silver. It was not until after the conquest of Alexander that the wearing of colored stones became popular. Following is the description of Hera's earrings:

*She set earrings in her pierced ears,
earrings of three drops and glissened;
therefore shone grace abundantly.*

In general all Greek ornaments show a great feeling for abstract principles of design, rhythm, balance, and spacing.

The women of Homer used artificial means to beauty. Their word for cosmetics has been roughly translated to mean some type of facial rouge. "You have bought hair, paint, honey, wax, teeth, at same price you could have bought a face."

One disputed question regarding the accessories is whether or not these highly fashioned ladies wore gloves. The answer is indefinite.

Some say yes; some say no. The difficulty lies mainly in the fact that the translators of Greek history have different opinions.

"Greece has left a rich heritage to posterity in her chaste and refined simplicity of dress."

Alumnae News

Announcements of recent arrivals in our "Alumnae Families" show that Don and BETSY COFFIN have welcomed a son Philip Gregory, Jack and KATHLEEN SCANLON a son, Brian Mannix, and HELEN and Wes KOCH a daughter, Jane Elizabeth

LEA ANNE O'DONNELL and Michael J. Adza were married on January 17, at a nuptial Mass at Saint Paul's Church, Los Angeles. MARY ELLEN KRACK was married April 25 to LeRoy Edw. Brennan at St. Paul the Apostle Church, West Los Angeles.

Cards received tell that LORRAINE MURPHY PURNELLO has two sons Bill Jr. and Mark. WILLA MAE DOUD SCHANEIL has a daughter Mary Helen and a son Billy. BLANCHE VAN ORT SPITZER has two sons, John and Bobbie. ELLEN ORBEA UZAGUIRRE reports three children. CLARA WONG LOO who is teaching in Hawaii, celebrated the first birthday of a little daughter. MERCEDES MAHONEY DOHERTY is again living in California with her husband Brian and three children.

Recent visitors were CAROL GALLAGHER POPE with her son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. LARRY MURRAY and son, and Mr. and Mrs. Le Fleur (MARY ELIZABETH LAMB).

MILDRED LERCH is a laboratory technician at Maternity Hospital in Honolulu. She is most enthusiastic about the beauties of the islands.

MARIE FONTANA is interning as a medical technician at St. John's Hospital, Santa Monica. BETTIE BEATTIE is working in the office at St. John's. ELLEN GARRECHT, who graduated from Creighton U. in June as an M.D. has been appointed an internship at the Alameda County hospital.

DOLORES BOWLER PATTERSON is working in Bacteriology research at Medical College in Richmond, Va.

Former Home Economics majors and their children were entertained by the Home Economics Club. Among those present were CAROL GALLAGHER POPE, DOROTHY SHEVLIN LADY, JOAN HEROLD HOGAN and their children. LYLA BURROW COX was one of the guests.

On Sunday April 26, the Alumnae gathered for Home Coming on the Mount. A social Tea, views of early photographs, class reunions were enjoyed. The Association added a substantial check, as their gift for the Fine Arts building fund.